



## ~Regretful Runaway~



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### Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be royalty? To be the doll-faced little princess living a dream life of wealth and luxury? This may have been the typical situation that a little girl would fantasize about. You know, the average little girl, a dollop of sweetness who ran around the yard with a floral crown pretending she was a princess. How she might beg for her parents to look at her twirling around in her favorite dress. The elegant locks of her hair swaying behind her as she spun.

That was always how I pictured it; the dream of wanting to be a princess when they grew up. It was an ideal for the peasants.

Instead, that had been the life I escaped. Funny isn't it? I'm sure any girl would have died to take my place. Some had, of course, assumed I was dead. That's how bad it had gotten.

I can remember the day somewhat clearly, though some parts were blurry. I guess you could compare it to a television with bad picture. A little static gloss covered each memory. That's how they were, my memories. It was a cold day, damp from the rain that had hit just that afternoon, if my mind is still to be trusted. I still hadn't fled, though the plan was burning hot in my mind. I needed to escape, to get out of that pink wallpapered room. I was suffocated by it, the mountain of stuffed animals, the child sized vanity fill with every different color of lip-gloss.

No, that's not right. I loved those things. It was not the room I wanted to escape. It was the people...

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